

chief, described as a Catholic Indian, in dress, personal appearance, and bearing superior to the average American farmer, said:

This reservation is marked out for us. We see it with our eyes and our hearts. We all hold it with our bodies and our souls. Right out here are my father and mother, and brothers and sisters and children, all buried. I am guarding their graves. My friend, this reservation, this small piece of land, we look upon it as our mother, as if she were raising us. You come to ask me for my land. It is like as if we who are Indians were to be sent away and get lost. . . . What is the reason you white men who live near the reservation like my land and want to get it? You must not think so. My friends, you must not talk too strong about getting my land. I like my land and will not let it go.

The Wallawalla chief said:

I have tied all the reservation in my heart and it can not be loosened. It is dear as our bodies to us.

The Umatilla chief said:

Our red people were brought up here. . . . When my father and mother died, I was left here. They gave me rules and gave me their land to live upon. They left me to take care of them after they were buried. I was to watch over their graves. I do not wish to part with my land. I have felt tired working on my land, so tired that the sweat dropped off me on the ground. Where is all that Governor Stevens or General Palmer said [i. e., that it was to be a reservation for the Indians forever]? I am very fond of this land that is marked out for me. . . . Should I take only a small piece of ground and a white man sit down beside me, I fear there would be trouble all the time.

An old man said:

I am getting old now, and I want to die where my father and mother and children have died. I do not wish to leave this land and go off to some other land. . . . I see where I have sweat and worked in trying to get food. I love my church, my mills, my farm, the graves of my parents and children. I do not wish to leave my land. That is all my heart, and I show it to you.

A young chief said:

I have only one heart, one tongue. Although you say, Go to another country, my heart is not that way. I do not wish for any money for my land. I am here, and here is where I am going to be. . . . I will not part with lands, and if you come again I will say the same thing. I will not part with my lands.

The commissioner who was conducting the negotiations, after enumerating the promises made to the Indians in return for the lands which they had surrendered under the original treaty of 1855, tells how some of these promises have been fulfilled:

. . . . A miserably inadequate supply of worn-out agricultural implements. A group of eight or ten dilapidated shanties used for the agency buildings. The physician promised has never resided upon the reservation, but lives and practices his profession at Pendleton. The hospital promised (fifteen years ago) has not yet been erected.

. Of their ever-living grievance Colonel Ross, superintendent of the Washington agencies, says:

Their only troubles arise from the attempts of white men to encroach upon the reservations. A mania prevails among a certain class of citizens in this direction. I verily

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